

Thou hast redeemed thy lost opinion,  
And shew'd thou makest some tender of my life,  
In this faire rescue thou hast brought to me.

*Prin.* O God, they did me too much iniurie,  
That euer said, I harkened for your death.  
If it were so, I might haue let alone  
The insulting hand of Douglas ouer you;  
Which would haue beene as speedy in your end,  
As all the poisonous potions in the world;  
And sau'd the trecherous labour of your sonne.

*King.* Make vp to Clifton, ile to S. Nicholas Gawsey. *Exit, K.*

*Enter Hotspur.*

*Hot.* If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

*Prin.* Thou speakst, as if I would deny my name.

*Hot.* My name is Harry Percy.

*Prin.* Why, then I see a very valiant rebell of the name;  
I am the Prince of Wales, and thinke not, Percy,  
To share with me in glory any more:

Two stars keepe not their motion in one sphere,  
Nor can one England brooke a double raigne:  
Of Harry Percy, and the Prince of Wales.

*Hot.* Now, shall it, Harry? for the houre is come,  
To end the one of vs, and would to God  
Thy name in armes, were now as great as mine.

*Prin.* Ile make it greater, ere I part from thee,  
And all the budding honours on thy crest,  
Ile crop to make a garland for my head.

*Hot.* I can no longer brooke thy vanities.

*They fight: Enter Falstaffe.*

*Fal.* Well said, Hal, to it, Hal. Nay, you shall find no boyes  
play here, I can tell you.

*Enter Douglas, he fighteth with Falstaffe, he falls  
downe as if he were dead, the Prince  
killeth Percy.*

*Hot.* Oh Harry, thou hast rob'd me of my youth,  
I better brooke the losse of brittle life,  
Then those proud titles thou hast won of me,

*They*

They wound my thoughts, worse  
But thought's the slaue of life, an  
And time that takes suruay of all  
Must haue a stop. O, I could pro  
But that the earth and cold hand  
Lies on my tongue: no Percy, th  
And food for.

*Prin.* For wormes, braue Per  
Ill weau'd ambition, howe much a  
When that this body did contain  
A kingdome for it was too small a  
But now two paces of the vilest e  
Is room' enough: this earth that  
Beares not aliae so stoute a gentl  
If thou wert sensible of curtesie,  
I should not make so great a shew  
But let my fauours hide thy many  
And euen in thy behalfe ile than  
For doing these faire rites of tend  
Adiew, and take thy praise with t  
Thy ignominy sleepe with thee  
But not remembred in thy Epita

*He spieth Falstaffe on th*

What, old acquaintance! could n  
Keepe in a little life? poore Iack  
I could haue better spar'd a bette  
O, I should haue a heauie misse  
If I were much in loue with vanit  
Death hath not strooke so faire a  
Though many dearer, in this blo  
Inbowel'd will I see thee by an  
Till then, in blood by noble Per

*Falstaffe*

*Fal.* Inbowel'd? if thou inbow  
to powder me and eate me too to  
to counterfet, or that hot termag  
lot too. Counterfet? Ilie, I am n  
counterfet, for he is but the coun

*K*